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**HYMETTUS-LIKE AND
OTHER VERSES**

HYMETTUS-LIKE AND OTHER VERSES

BY

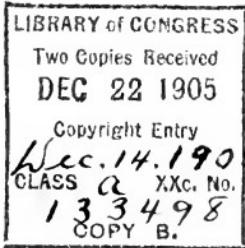
GEORGE HENRY SPEASE

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TO HELENA

In this book are both facts and fancies

*A little book a friend may take
And kindly read for friendship's sake,
And if perchance he finds a bit
Of wisdom or a grain of wit
That suits his fancy here or there,
Such honors let me proudly wear.*



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**HYMETTUS-LIKE AND
OTHER VERSES**

HYMETTUS-LIKE

O, rich the odor of the comb
Within the scented hive,
And round the portal, coming home,
The air is all alive
With honey-bees upon the wing
Below the summer skies,
For every plant is blossoming
And rich the honey lies.

On maple-bloom and clover-head,
On peach and pear and grape,
The drowsy honey-bees have fed,
And nothing could escape ;
The pollen of the fleur-de-lis,
The lily, tall and white,
The yellow of the linden tree
They gathered till the night.

O, rich the amber-tinted cells,
Six-sided every one,

And packed from out a million bells
That filled in rain and sun;
Hymettus-like, a golden brand!
And he who tastes may know
The bees live in Elysian-land,
Where all the posies grow.

THE BROWN THRUSH

UPON our small catalpa tree
The brown thrush stayed his wing,
He seemed the peer of minstrelsy
As there he paused to sing.

No other sound the silence woke,
No answer from his mate,
Light, color, scent, around him broke,
As there alone he sate.

I wondered what was in his brain,
What passion stirred his breast,
Such triumph over earthly pain,
Such royal-hearted zest !

He sang of what we cannot see —
Such whims and ecstasies
Filled up his breast with melody
And mine with dumb surprise.

And so I watched him take his flight,
Without a note to mar—
Just as the slowly fading light
Let in the first pale star.

He flew, perhaps, to happy hours
Among the leafy glades,
To hear the skimming of the showers,
To watch the lights and shades,

To shame us mortals who forget
The spirit here may rise
Above the cares that make us fret,
And reach the open skies.

CLEAR RUN

O MERRY brook, that flowest along,
The fairest things are thine.
All through the day and night thy song
Sings in this heart of mine.

Smooth pebbles glisten under thee,
Some white as flakes of snow,
And bubbles swell and break in glee
Wherever thou dost go.

The bright flower, sweet with honey-drops,
Down in thy water dips,
Leaves whirl in eddies at thy stops,
Herbs touch thee with their lips.

The bee and wasp drink of thy wave,
Pale midges on thee rest,
The blackbirds in thy crystal lave
And swallows dip thy breast.

Lambs sport beside thy grassy brink
And crop the fragrant sedge,
Brown minnows glide and dart and sink
Below thy turf-grown edge.

All things are thine that Nature has ;
Of all thou art a part ;
The best that 's hers, or ever was,
Hath found thy limpid heart.

THE FRAGILE CROCUS

Now the low rath crocus breaks
Through the earth and beauty takes ;
March or April, warm or cold,
Straight she lifts her cup of gold
'Twixt her slender striped blades,
Then she droops and quickly fades.

Or, in dainty loveliness
Comes she in her purple dress,
Ready for the rose, her queen,
Whose small buds are hardly seen,
And tulip leaves with dark-red lips
Try to touch her with their tips.

Now she stands in robes of white,
Pale as wax and pure as light,
Pearled with dew or wet with rain,
Or sprinkled with the snow again.
Like all fair and fragile things
Unto life she faintly clings.

ON A NEW VOLUME OF VERSES

A DAINTY volume, deftly bound
In brown and gold, lay on my table ;
I knew not whether to be found
Within was verse of truth or fable.

Its leaves were left with edges sealed ;
No reader's eyes had ever seen them ;
I did not know how rich a yield
Of rhythmic thought was held between them.

I slowly cut their foldings through,
And on each line my heart ascended,
Until the earth was lost to view,
Until the fervid book was ended.

It sang me over land and flood,
It sang me out of present sorrow,
It sang me into lightsome mood,
Until the past became to-morrow.

And so for one brief morn I held
Communion with a tender spirit
Whose life was somehow softly spelled
By angels out of "heaven, or near it."

ALL THAT SHE WAS AT PRIME

I BEAR through life the pleasant thought
 Of one forever fair ;
I have not witnessed changes wrought
 By sorrow, pain, or care ;
I have not seen the lustre leave
 The light and laughing eye ;
I have not seen the spirit grieve,
 On cheeks the soft tints die.

A fadeless bloom is on her face,
 Still brown each glossy tress,
Her form hath all its youthful grace,
 Her looks their loveliness,
Her image never can grow old —
 It stays untouched by Time,
So pure, so fair, my heart doth hold
 All that she was at prime.

IN LINWOOD, WHERE SHE LIES

OFTEN we two were together,
We sang and we read and we talked,
And often through shadowy by-ways
In the still summer twilight we walked.
But now she is gone, how I miss her !
Her voice and the light of her eyes !
Some day I hope I shall rest there
In Linwood, where she lies.

When the angel shall blow on his trumpet,
And the dead shall start at the sound,
And come like the snow-white lilies
All pure and sweet from the ground,
I would be near her to waken —
There at her side to arise —
For I know she will not forget me ;
In Linwood, where she lies.

A BIRD OF PASSAGE

O BIRD ! to the south I would follow
Thy flight when the winter is near,
Away over hilltop and hollow,
Till the isles of the Tropics appear —
As straight as the flight of the swallow,
When winter is here.

O bird ! to the north swiftly winging,
When summer, midsummer, is drear,
And the sun torrid heat is down-flinging,
Till the stubble of harvest is sere,
Oh ! fain would I follow thy singing
To skies cold and clear.

“A BOKE OF CHIVALRIE”

“A Boke of Chivalrie!” What dreams
Pass through my brain of squire and knight,
Of cross and crest and damsel dight !
Ah, how the burnished armor gleams !
Upon the gale the pennon streams ;
I hear the clash of arms in fight —
“A Boke of Chivalrie.”

From out the dust King Arthur seems
To rise and pass before my sight :
Oh, that some noble lance would right
A thousand wrongs ! such be our themes,
A Book of Chivalry !

DEAR HOME

DEAR home ! constructed on a plan
The architects have termed Queen Anne,
Thou 'rt filled with precious bric-a-brac —
And antique pieces dost not lack,
From cabinet to tile and fan.

A connoisseur might closely scan,
He could not find a thing to ban ;
Artistic portière, vase and plaque,
Dear home !

What ducats in a streamlet ran
To tradesman and to artisan !
Art took the most expensive track
And carried all things at her back ;
Ah, stay her course whoever can —
Dear home.

WHEN LITTLE MAIDS

WHEN little maids wear summer frocks,
And bees fill up their cells ;
When flowers are on the hollyhocks
And foxgloves have their bells,
Then through the woods and fields we go,
Nor think of wintry winds or snow.

When yellow corn is in the shocks
And roads are deep with mire,
When housewives watch the tedious clocks,
And hourly feed the fire,
Oh, then we think of snow and rain,
But wish the summer back again.

UNDER SEAL

THERE is a secret in the breast
 Of every living thing ;
'T is born within the wild bird's nest,
 Nor told when birds take wing.
'T is drawn up through the tender stem
 Of buds and leaves and flowers,
In all that's sheltered under them,
 And in this life of ours.

We meet each day the counterpart
 Of what we seem to be ;
We move upon the mind and heart,
 We speak, we hear, we see ;
But far within is set the seal
 That something more doth hold —
Something we cannot yet reveal
 And never hath been told.

THE LOVE OF MANY YEARS

LET us ask not any less
Than a sweet forgetfulness.
Shall some moment that we dread
Lay all else forever dead ?
Some expression of the lip
Sever long companionship ?
Happy are we here below,
If a perfect trust we know,
Overbalancing our fears
By the love of many years.

EGO

I is reigning prince of words ;
Yes and *No* are vassals twain :
Short but sharp are their two swords,
And they keep within his train ;
With his court from Wisdom's school
Wide the realm he has to rule !

If he wears his inky cap,
Naught disturbs his quiet reign ;
Should he doff it, then mayhap
War will vex his fair domain,
And his shadows numberless
Fill his heart with dire distress.

When his court in splendor sits,
Noble is the brilliant throng ;
Learn'd savants and keenest wits,
And the world's great choir of song ;
Art, with dainty imagery,
Helps adorn the pageantry.

No successor to his crown
Can he choose from out them all ;
When his throne shall crumble down,
Then his kingdom, too, must fall ;
So, where'er his subjects go,
Rules the “ lord of *Yes* and *No* ”

NEW EXPRESSIONS

I HAVE stopped one moment more
By a single leaf or bud,
Something I had seen before
With no fervor in my blood,
Suddenly a charm it bore.

I have sat and gazed and seen
Some new beauty in your face,
Such perhaps had always been
Part of your exquisite grace,
But a shadow lay between.

When we press the starting grass,
Pull the first low violet,
Well we know what buds we pass
And the blossoms to be met,
Wealth that June shall yet amass.

'T is one blossom more to me,
Though the branch that held was close,
Just one moment set it free,
Like the petals of a rose —
More perhaps are yet to be.

HOMeward SIDE OF DREAMS

We are safe! Now sunlight streams
On the homeward side of dreams,
Ghosts that vexed the weary night
Have dissolved and taken flight —
Oh, there's many a keen distress
In the realm of nothingness !

Sleep deceived us while she wrought
Subtle fancies in our thought,
Fixed her seal upon our mind,
Held us dumb and made us blind —
Oh, there's many a keen distress
In the realm of nothingness !

STORM WITHOUT AND CALM WITHIN

SHUT within, I hear the storm
Coming at the close of day ;
Like the shadow of some form,
Clouds foretold its course this way.

Hark ! the lattice — how it beats !
Blackness falls on roof and tree ;
Vanished are the village streets —
Nothing is that seemed to be.

Nothing is ? Ah, in this room
More than phantoms gather near ;
While without are storm and gloom,
Whom I love are sheltered here.

WALKING

FREE from every shade of care,
Free from reading, talking,
Out alone in country air,
I am slowly walking.

Over hillocks, green and soft,
Over level spaces,
Passing now and then a croft,
Passing swampy places.

Eastward now the shadows fall,
Darker still and longer ;
Nature holds me in her thrall,
And my heart grows stronger.

Hushed is earth and air and sky,
While the day is dying ;
Only here and there go by
Birds like shadows flying.

ON BEATEN ROADS

On beaten roads I slowly go,
Where marks of wagons deeply show
And prints of many a horse's foot,
With prints between of shoe and boot ;
The dust is light, the sand is deep,
On ridges left the grasses peep ;
And ragweed sifts its bitter gold,
And woodbines round the fences hold ;
Lawless, I crush the leaf or tread
The herb that lifts its blossom-head ;
Or, turning out, when wagons pass,
Upon the narrow roadside grass,
Look into fields and see the grain
Or fallow ground all green again.
Oh, not with tears I follow on
The way my fellows all have gone.
The road is beaten down and sweet,
Made fragrant for the travelers' feet,
And day and night the sky and air
And earth make highways fresh and fair.

SLEEP

TAKE me to thy bosom, Sleep !

 Close my weary eyes ;

Eyes that often wakeful keep

 Seek thy ministries.

Wherefore dost thou love to stay —

 Past night's dewy prime —

From a restless soul away,

 Slowly counting time ?

Could we win thee, we would wait

Nevermore at Morning's gate,

Hot with fever, hurt with pain,

Tired of body, heart, and brain.

ARIEL

THERE are grottoes to be found,
Fairy forms to know ;
Happy shores of holy ground
And thy Prospero.
Ariel still hovers round,
And he waits to go.

Follow ! Life is in the bud,
With the fruit between,
Over waste and over flood —
Oh, his sight is keen !
Strength or weakness in the blood
Ariel hath seen.

“HESPERIDES”

NATURE chose that Robert Herrick
Should be always rhymed with lyric,
So she took his hand and led him,
And with dainty sweets she fed him,
Till he saw the blessed spirit
In the flower that doth endear it.
Then he sang so sweetly, truly,
Of his posies and his Julia,
Feast and fast, and litany,
Ribbon, curl, and tiffany,
That whene'er we speak of lyric
Then we think of Robert Herrick.

THE VILLAGE LIGHTS

I look across the streets and stream,
As autumn brings its frosty nights,
And here and there I see the gleam
 Of distant Roscoe's twinkling lights;
O pleasant town upon the hill!
I watch while all is dark and still.

I see the matron at her task,
The student poring o'er his book,
The maiden's dreaming eyes that ask
 For things beyond the ingle-nook,
And on some daring countenance
I read the distant world's expanse.

I feel the cheerful fireside glow,
Where every starry point is set,
For home is nearest heaven below,
 And in it kindred joys are met;
Bright little cluster! from afar
I hail at eve each social star.

IN IDLENESS

YE neither toil nor onward tramp;
Ye have no lofty quest;
In silent meads ye fix your camp,
Nor care for Duty's hest.

Is there no earthly good desired?
No tribute ye should pay?
Then know, when idleness grows tired,
To work is only play.

BRAIN AND BRAWN

O THEY who have both brain and brawn,
Strong-framed and worldly-wise,
They love to battle bravely on
And cowardice despise.

They face their foes in every strife
Among the ways of men,
Each wound spurs up their lusty life
And makes them strong again.

HE WHO EATS HIS BREAD ALONE

He who eats his bread alone,
Shunning festival and feast,
Hath the flavor all his own
And may find his hoard increased ;
But he 'll live to rue the day,
Though his food shall nourish him,
For his friends will pass away
Ere his eyes grow dull and dim.

QUATRAINS

I

THE spider weaves his filmy thread
Below some shadowy screen ;
The dew reveals his network spread —
What work can go unseen ?

II

The bird builds nests, the bee its comb ;
The reason's clear to me :
The bird must always be a bird,
The bee must stay a bee.

III

The wind is master of the land
And bondman to the sun :
A man may rule his fellow men,
But servant be to one.

SAMSON

WHEN Samson sat in Gaza's court,
Bound, blind, to make the Gazites sport,

How weak he was !

But when he prayed, such strength he found,
He broke the brazen shackles round

His wrists as straws.

He drew the lofty pillars down
And vengeance had upon the town
That seared his sight.

'T was better thus to die, than grind
In prison mills of sin and find
No rest nor light.

Delilas tempt on every side,
Or, fettered by our selfish pride,
We are undone ;
Then from our youthful follies we
In prisons grind, as wearily
As Zorah's son.

But when we look once more above,
Our own sincerity we prove
 By what we gain,—
By what we gain in pow'r thereby
To fight our soul's great enemy
 With might and main.

Our prayer is but a breath, until
The event is seen within the will
 Not to repine,
But sacrifice, as so much dust,
Our sinful lives, and once more trust
 The power Divine.

SILVIO

Now, Silvio, at Wisdom's fount
Drink, ere your worldly steed you mount,
Or else perchance you may not know
The surest way to choose and go,
For knaves some certain paths beset,
And you your journey may regret.

'T is neither here, 't is neither there ;
The vigilant look everywhere,
And crafty passions tempt him not,
Nor are his liegemen soon forgot ;
Be all alert ; your vigor spare ;
Vice, like a garment, shows its wear.

TRAFFIC

WE gain, nor at the sacrifice
 Of honor or of heart,
A solid strength, by enterprise
 Within the busy mart.

Though Traffic grills the land with steel,
 To hamlet and to town,
A thousand things she doth reveal,
 That ne'er before were known.

Along her path the fields stay green,
 The merry streamlet foams,
And hills and forests kindly screen
 Unnumbered happy homes.

She gathers up the garnered grain,
 The herds of fatted kine ;
And in return she gives again
 The wealth of loom and mine.

Though in a whirl her marts may seem,
To Art she does no wrong;
She buys the painter's lofty dream,
The poet's written song.

And stately walls to learning rise,
To which she gives her aid —
So culture shares the golden prize
Won by the sons of trade.

Flow on, thou tide of merchandise !
Flow on from clime to clime !
He who from thee averts his eyes
Is not abreast with Time !

UNDINE

THROUGH the corridors of crystal,
Untouched by the storm-cloud's flame,
In a shower of beautiful raindrops,
With love to me she came.
She seemed like a misty spirit
As she stood before my sight,
And I thought of the dainty dewdrops
That sprinkle the fields of night.

Her hair was as soft as sea-foam,
Her lips like those of a shell,
And the light of the starry heavens
Seemed in her eyes to dwell.
When she spake or sang, the fountains
Mixed with her words their spray ;
When she sighed, the brooks and rivers
Flowed silently far away.

Now tell me, ye tongues of wisdom,
Interpret this love of mine—

Oh, was she a wave of nature,
Or was she a wave divine?
I know that she came and she vanished
Forever from mortal sight,
Into air, like a silent spirit,
Or dew, like a lovely sprite.

WHIPPOORWILL

LONE whippoorwill,
Go learn of some sweet bird
Some song that thou hast heard
At morn or eve,
And do not grieve,
At the soft close of day,
This peaceful hour away.

List, from the green-leaved bush,
At dawn the warbling thrush ;
Hear how his fleet notes run
To greet the glorious sun !
Hark to each happy strain
Above all grief and pain !
Thus loudly trill,
And usher in the night
With songs of pure delight,
And each fresh morn
To Springtide born

That bringeth back to thee
Earth's glory as to me.

Come, from those cloisters rove,
And sing of mirth and love.

ELECTRICITY

OH, I was born
On that beautiful morn,
When God called forth the light ;
And at my birth
I came to the earth
On wings of instant flight.

For He lifted his hand,
He gave command
And the shadows fell away ;
Then from depths profound
Without a sound
I came with eternal day.

I waken the flame
That mortals name,
And my hand is on all things ;
From day's first hour
I have lost no power,
For the world is between my wings.

I hide my form
In the heart of the storm
And I pass from cloud to cloud ;
My face it brightens
Till the whole sky lightens,
While my voice is heavy and loud.

I poise, I leap
Through the nether deep,
I strike with my flaming sword,
I cleave the oak
At a single stroke
And destroy what mortals hoard.

The winds I chase
From place to place,
Till they madden as they are driven ;
And far below
Through the earth I go,
Till the earth itself is riven.

Oh, I laugh as forth
To the icy North
Sail the ships on their journeys bound ;
They are broken and lost
In the grip of the frost
As I girdle the world around.

I pass the poles
As the ocean rolls,
I wave my banners of red,
And mortals gaze
With awe at its blaze
Above the wrecks of the dead.

Yet a slave am I,—
I cannot defy
The wizard who wears the ring ;
For he summons me
Over land and sea
And to him my strength I bring.

I echo again
The words of men
And all of the paths pursue,
In foul and fair,
Through the realms of air,
That the quick-winged Ariel knew.

Upon their arches
Are hung my torches,
I scatter my beams below,
And I rival the moon
In brightness soon
And the stars that round it glow.

Oh, I never tire
As from wire to wire
I hasten upon my way.
I am here and there,
I am everywhere,
For his call I must obey.

THE GLEANERS

A PAINTING BY MILLET

How strange ! this scene in a foreign land,
Where women are gleaning hand by hand
The few last heads of the ripened grain,
That were left by the loaded harvest wain !
How slowly they walk — these humble three —
Born and bred in their penury,
Looking for straws on the stubble field,
Whose stubble reveals an abundant yield !

How lovely it is ! — the landscape around,
The stubble that shows and the verdured ground,
The stacks and the homestead far away
And the lights from the skies that on them play.
And it hardly seems that a soul could miss
A sweet content in a spot like this.

Here, on this side of the great wide sea,
Such a scene as this may never be ;

For beneath the pastoral beauty lies
What cannot be hidden from human eyes.
Such a picture as this, in a gallery hung,
Speaks for itself in every one's tongue,—
On the walls of the Louvre 't is valued as art,
But into it Millet has painted his heart.

O SANDY DESERT

O SANDY desert, we have trod thee long ;
Few, few oases broke before our sight ;
Tired, oh, so tired ; no heart for jest or song ;
O'er arid leagues by day, slight rest by night.

We bowed before the simoon's furious breath
That piled the heated sand upon our heads,
Then rose and thrust aside the hand of Death,
That in the desert often no man dreads.

Where some bright palms stood round some gushing
spring
And grassy tussocks showed their fresh green tops,
We felt our hearts within us softly sing
And wet our lips with cool benignant drops.

Such was our wand'ring, till with joy we gazed
For first the long faint line of border lands,
Then, breathing thanks, our turbans quickly raised
And left behind for life the desert sands.

SLOW-FOOTED SPRING

Now looking through my casement at new Spring,
Slow-footed nymph, step o'er yon swarded hill,
I feel a surer hope my pulses thrill
And gladly list the first bird blithely sing.
Soon to these interlacing boughs will cling
A million bursting buds and glossy leaves, until
The light grows faint below and fruit-germs fill ;
And other shrubs keep up their blossoming.
Come, loitering nymph ! if I but touch the hem
Of thy moist, scented robe, or breathe the air
Of thy soft fluttering gales, my wintry phlegm
Shall change to happy warmth ; while here and there
A myriad beauty flushes into birth ;
Then, gazing, see heaven's shadow rest on earth.

PAST FOUR SCORE YEARS

O TARDY soul ! hast thou no heed of time ?
Hast thou not heard the strokes that have descended
To mark events and generations ended ?
Hast thou not seen those orbs at evening climb
In their eternal light the vault sublime,
And sighed thou couldst not by them be attended
To calm celestial fields and glory splendid ?
Or dost thou backward look on life's sweet prime,
And mourn o'er pleasures known in days of yore ?
Or harken echoes of young voices fled ?
Or dream of mortal love and count its charms ?
Delusions ! they can please thy heart no more ;
The stars are lights of love divine ; the dead
Pass by their pure effulgence to His arms.

FOURTEEN LINES

A LITTLE rain may roil the clearest stream,
A light wind litter many a well-kept lawn,
A slight mist veil from view the rosy dawn,
A rude sound break upon a pleasant dream,
Manner of speaking mar the finest theme,
One thoughtless deed may honor put in pawn,
Confidence, startled once, be quite withdrawn,
A single doubt may soon become supreme.

A ghost may hide in walls of crystal glass,
Content dwell near the surface of the earth,
A face give beauty to the plainest bonnet,
Wisdom make prophecies that come to pass,
Immortal things may have the humblest birth,
And fourteen lines sometimes be called a sonnet.



OLD FRENCH FORMS

BALLADE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

IN Arbor Court
Long years ago,
He lived amort
As all men know ;
And annals show
When destitute
And filled with woe
He played his flute.

Both plain and short
He was no beau,
So says report
As all men know ;
At Bankside, though,
He paid sweet suit,
Where, to and fro,
He played his flute.

He seemed the sport
Of things below,

For fame to thwart
As all men know ;
Yet poppies blow
O'er lips quite mute,
Renowned, while, lo !
He played his flute.

ENVOY

Prince, this was so,
As all men know,
In Fame's pursuit
He played his flute.

BALLADE OF THE PRIMROSE

Now the winds are brisk and chill
And the clouds snow-laden fly,
Showering flakes o'er vale and hill,
While they hide the sunlit sky;
But as slowly I pass by,
Just behind the crystal pane
Of my neighbor's casement, I
See the primrose bloom again.

There the air is warm and still
And the blossoms seem to vie
Each with each, that they fulfill
All that hope might prophesy —
Though the flowers that beautify
All the summer months be slain,
Still we may with gladdened eye
See the primrose bloom again.

In the trees no bird doth trill —
Foolish fancy, ask not why.

Why the winds are blowing shrill ?
Why the roses fade and die ?
Why no pleasure seems anigh ?
On the path, where Wisdom fain
Would his task have each one ply,
See the primrose bloom again.

ENVOY

Prince, the fairest way doth lie
Where its windings are not vain ;
Tire nor faint, life glorify,
See the primrose bloom again.

BALLADE OF LADY WASHINGTON

IN stiff brocade, with powdered hair
And at her throat and wrists old lace,
She rustled down the hall and stair
And met her guests with quiet grace :
How sweet, how pure, her unrouged face !
No doubtful meanings touched her phrase ;
With dignity she filled her place
In old colonial days

Her tastes were simple ones, her care
Extended o'er a little space ;
But with a courtesy most rare,
That distance cannot now efface,
She honored both her sex and race ;
And we to-day with lips to praise,
The story of her virtues trace
In old colonial days.

Still, still, the light-winged echoes bear
The reel, the minuet apace,

And rose and lavender still fare
To scent the years that forward chase ;
We cross the paths that interlace,
We linger o'er her words and ways —
The things that time cannot erase —
In old colonial days.

ENVOY

Of loyal love she had her share
And stinted not by time's delays —
We see her through a roseate air
In old colonial days.

BALLADE OF HAPPY DAYS

ALL days are not the same, I trow,
But happy days we fain would greet,
For nearly every one, we know,
Must take the bitter with the sweet,
Must feel the coldness and the heat
That come to all the lips of men.
No life with joy is quite replete,
Yet we 've been happy now and then.

Time measures out our weal and woe,
No matter where we find retreat ;
We walk where thorns and roses grow,
By foolish whims ourselves we cheat,
We know success, we know defeat,
We take and then give forth again,
We mingle tears with wine and meat,
Yet we 've been happy now and then.

Too soon our sorrows lipward flow ;
Alas, our tongues too oft repeat

Vexatious things of long ago,—
 We keep the chaff and lose the wheat,
 Unwise we are and indiscreet,
In trouble's fount we dip our pen
 To prate our woes to all the street,
Yet we 've been happy now and then.

ENVOY

O Time ! your wings are strong and fleet,
 We know not what 's to be, or when,
Your pinions on our lives may beat,
 Yet we 've been happy now and then.

*

ON A CHINA CUP

(VILLANELLE)

'T is the last of all the set,
One frail cup of Nankin blue,
In your antique cabinet.

Connoisseurs at wrecks may fret,
Dealers search for some faint clue —
'T is the last of all the set.

Ah ! the changes that it met
On its way till placed by you
In your antique cabinet.

Mandarins perhaps have wet
Lips from off its brim, when new —
'T is the last of all the set.

Many an almond-eyed Ninette
Filled it with the fragrant dew :
In your antique cabinet,

Here with things collectors get
Naught can match in mark or hue,
'T is the last of all the set —
In *your* antique cabinet.

TURN THY DREAMING EYES

(VILLANELLE)

O MAIDEN, turn thy dreaming eyes !
Behold the crystal river flowing !
Behold those happy summer skies !

Alas ! we are not always wise,
Alas ! we are not always knowing ;
O maiden, turn thy dreaming eyes !

Thou hearest laughter, hearest sighs ?
Thou seest sunshine round thee glowing —
Behold those happy summer skies !

That which is ours we seldom prize,
To other lands we would be going —
O maiden, turn thy dreaming eyes !

Content within the bosom dies,
Though lights from happy skies are showing ;
Behold those happy summer skies !

Love for thy youthful spirit tries,
His hand the flower of life is sowing ;
O maiden, turn thy dreaming eyes !
Behold those happy summer skies !

“ MY LADYE FAYRE ”

(RONDEAU)

“ My ladye fayre ” in days gone by
Bestowed her smiles on chivalry —
She loved to see a bold knight’s horse
Fly down the tourney’s crowded course,
And waved her scarf to victory.

Romantic days ! when brave Sir Guy
In burnished steel, with lance on high,
Won in the lists with brawny force
“ My ladye fayre.”

Though tourney-queens are gone, *our* Di
On steel and crest still keeps her eye ;
But he who gains upon the Bourse
May “ take for better or for worse,”
Or Love may win when young and spry
“ My lady fair.”

IN RIBBON ROW

(RONDEAU)

In Ribbon Row all things are new,
The houses — and their tenants, too —
The paint is fresh, the grass is green,
With little plots of flowers between,
And all are of a lively hue.

No trees nor palings hide the view ;
The terrace runs as straight and true
As if a compass once had been
In Ribbon Row.

Along this bit of avenue
Beruffled babies cry and coo,
While dames and damsels fill the scene,
And one called Anne is quite a queen ;
Her eyes are like the speedwell's blue,
In Ribbon Row.

A PEACH OR A PINE

(TRIOLET)

A peach or a pine,
Which flavor is best ?
Both cannot be mine—
A peach or a pine,
Each flavor is fine.
Alas for the test !
A peach or a pine,
Which flavor is best ?

VERSES

YOUTH AND I

YOUTH and I were bosom friends,
We had been together long,
But to-day our friendship ends —
For it then this bit of song.

Just beside my mirror here,
Where he oft had stood before,
Without word or smile or tear
Out he passed through yonder door.

At such perfidy as this
What am I to think or say ?
Ah, how many things I miss !
Youth and love and yesterday !

CELIA'S TWENTY

CELIA's twenty ! Tongues declare
She is worth the winning.
She hath kept herself with care
From her life's beginning ;
All there is of earthly grace
In her being finds a place.

Happy he who comes and goes,
Hoping for her favor,
Since her beauty fairer grows —
Charms that heaven gave her ;
Golden treasures he will find
In her heart and in her mind.

BRING A LEAF

From Leigh Hunt's Prose

BRING a leaf or blossom, dear,
For such things we 're able,
Place it on the damask here
Of our breakfast table.

Though it be a blade of grass,
Its sweet necromancy
Will unlock to outward pass
Some suggestive fancy.

We shall nearer nature get,
Be less apt at sinning,
Better meet life's tret and fret
For this fresh beginning.

OH, YOUTH IS FULL OF FOLLY

Oh, youth is full of folly
And pity 't is 't is so !
It makes men melancholy
The older that they grow ;
There comes a day of sorrow,
A day that brings regret,
Upon some coming morrow,
Because they can't forget.

If men could only double
Their lives and live again,
They think they'd have less trouble
And be far wiser men ;
But youth might still deceive them
Upon life's second stage
And much more might it grieve them
To double up old age.

THE FLOWERS SHE GAVE

THE flowers she gave I cherish;
Though withered, old, and dry,
Their fragrance cannot perish,
Their beauty cannot die.

One pressure of my fingers
Would crush them into dust,
But 'round them mem'ry lingers
As evermore it must.

I met her in her beauty,
I met her in her pride,
When love to simple duty
Was very near allied.

I am not now repining,
But I cannot forget
Her looks while she was twining
The flowers I cherish yet.

WHEN YOU START UPON YOUR JOURNEY

WHEN you start upon your journey,

While you 're young and strong,

Look around and find another

Who will go along.

Never mind the foolish single—

That's 'twixt you and me—

They are slaves no doubt to something,

Though they think they're free.

Two hearts beat together better—

This I think is wise—

And you 'll see a great deal farther

Through two pairs of eyes.

Some day when you reach the gloaming,

Sitting hand in hand,

What you say to one another

Each will understand.

And when ev'ning slowly darkens,
And you come to part,
You will care the more to follow
Where you 'll find your heart.

LOVE KEEPS HIS OWN

THERE is frost on the grass
And white is the bud ;
There are marks as you pass,
But keen is the blood ;
The green earth has paled,
The bird southward flown,
The blossom has failed,
But Love keeps his own.

What are seasons to him
When fealty he swears ?
From rim unto rim
The ring he outwears ;
Through frost and through heat,
Through all kinds of weather,
His kisses are sweet,
His wings in full feather.

A SONG OF LIFE

No matter if we laugh or sing,
And life is bright and gay;
No matter where our love may cling
Or hope may wing its way—
Some hearts are sad to-day.

No matter if our lips are mute,
And song has left the bough,
Or trouble comes on heavy foot,
No matter when or how—
Some lips are singing now.

ON RUSTIC FLUTE

ON RUSTIC FLUTE

Down the enchanted way we go,
Where red poppies bud and blow,
Each alluring path we trace
Losing sight of time and place.

Every way is beautiful—
Rivulet and shining pool,
Hill and hollow, wood and lea—
That the singer's eye may see.

Journeys have no certain end,
Every path we choose to wend
Is by favors close beset
And can bring us no regret.

Travelers that trudge with packs
May grow faint upon their tracks,
But we step with lighter foot
To the sound of rustic flute.

NOW THE WARM RAIN

Now the warm rain drops and drips
On the peeping tulip-tips,
And the blossom spirit thrills
Of the bending daffodils —
Spring has had its timely birth,
Carnival begins on earth.

Beauty girdles bush and tree,
Everything is more to me
Than it was a month ago,
When the fields were under snow.
Hark ! the bluebirds caroling
Merrily at sight of spring.

LADY-MONTH

THROUGH liquid hours, O lady bright !
Thy rustling garments move ;
From day to day, from night to night,
Thou rainest down thy love ;
Thy breath doth penetrate all nooks ;
Thy hand doth deck the bowers ;
Thy steps are by the wayside brooks,
Where thou dost scatter flowers.

Titania, graceful as of old,
To love doth now incline ;
In cowslip cups as pale as gold
She pours her musky wine.
No longer mortals vainly sue,
No heart may now refuse —
O lady-month, to love so true,
Each lover now may choose !

THROUGH WOODLAND WAYS

OH, come ! but not o'er trodden roads,
Where beasts of burden trudge with loads,
Or wayside herbs are showered with dust,
Or cot and hall show stain and rust,
Where blazing hotness whitely falls
And burns the growth on garden walls —
Come not that way.

Oh, come ! but in sure quiet pass
By rill, by bush, through tangled grass,
Through woodland ways, where naught is heard
But leaves astir or twittering bird,
Where sunlight sifts, where raindrops drip,
Where honey wets the traveler's lip —
Oh, come that way !

AS A TREE

As a tree in forests dim
I may put forth limb by limb
And from causes that I feel
Leaves and blossoms soon reveal,

Looking downward at my foot
May behold each fragile shoot,
And a lesson hourly learn,
Every way my branches turn.

Air and light are both for me,
And I draw internally
Upward through my hidden veins
Secrets of the snows and rains.

Earthly vapors round me rise,
Yet above me are the skies
And within the azure clear
Something quite divine is near.

THE WEED

At the foot of the weed
There is rich, heavy soil,
Where it sprung from the seed
And grew without toil.

At the top of the weed
There is plenty of room,
Where its branches may feed
And flourish and bloom.

At the heart of the weed
There is coarse spongy pith,
Though it stands like a reed
Or bends like a wither.

NEXT YEAR

THE tree that hath no fruit this year
Perchance the next may bear ;
It needeth rest to nurse its strength
In Nature's care.

The silent sap new richness takes
And thrills its nerves along ;
While through its slender lissome boughs
Fly birds of song.

'T will sturdier grow in sun and rain
And winds that round it blow :
Its patient spirit will put forth —
Fresh pledges show.

And so we wait the coming good,
While fainter grows regret ;
There is a time when each one may
Be happy yet.

These hopes that flutter round the heart
Presage a season near,
When promised blessings shall unfold —
'T will come next year.

COME DOWN TO ME

COME down to me, thou little bird,
 Come down, I pray, to me ;
In truth mine ear hath never heard
 Such wild, sweet melody —
 Come down and sing to me !

“ If I come down to thee, fair youth,
 From off my woodland tree,
My tongue, untaught, in sober truth,
 Might sing no more to thee —
 When off my woodland tree.

“ Not every bird that gayly sings
 Upon its own free bough,
If caught, would tamely fold its wings
 And sing as I do now —
 Here, on my woodland bough.”

O RIVER, FLOWING FAST AWAY

O RIVER, flowing fast away !
We go together, hand in hand ;
We go together night and day,
By busy shores, o'er shifting sand.

We go together day and night,
By rains and narrow side-rills fed,
In shadow now, and then in light,
But clinging to our fountain-head.

And though we leave it far behind,
We find its freshness with us still,
And, years to come, that fount will find
Our tides responsive to its thrill.

OVER THE PRAIRIE

Over the prairie, green and wide,
The cows are now returning —
Twenty of them, red and pied,
As the sun far down is burning.

Slowly they travel the narrow trail,
The bell-cow staidly leading,
Then linger in yonder heavy swale
For another moment's feeding.

Now they climb to the knoll between,
Where the grass is thinly growing,
Against the sky they are plainly seen,
And the half of the herd are lowing.

SUMMER SUPREME

LOVE and beauty everywhere,
To the sense appealing,
Win their way where'er we go
Into thought and feeling ;
We are happy to behold
Field and wood and meadow,
Spangled o'er with dainty things,
Flecked with sun and shadow.

Upward now we lift the heart —
Nature is our teacher,
And we learn a hundred things
From each living creature ;
We are humming with the brook,
With each songster singing,
And our spirits take their flight
With the swallows winging.

All the sweets the year can bring
Are to earth descended ;

There is scarcely now a thing
· That's to be amended ;
All the germs which are to grow
Under wisest nurture
In their flower and form do show
And reveal their future.

Love and warmth awaken all
Into highest rapture ;
Everything a glory takes —
Everything they capture.
For a healthy soul to be
Sad at such a season
Is not true to wholesome creed,
Is not true to reason !

THE PASTURED CATTLE

PASTURED on uplands wide,
Now dewy wet,
Cattle feed side by side
While they forget
Winter's dry straw and hay ;
Slowly they pass
Round where the zephyrs play,
Mouths full of grass.

They crop the clover bloom,
Pearled with the dew,
Rich with its fresh perfume —
Fragrant herbs too ;
Sweet as the blooms their breath,
Tender their eyes,
They have no thoughts of death
Under bright skies.

Here in their full content,
In the glad days,

All of the months are spent
Down quiet ways,
Drinking of brooklets clear,
Fresh from the springs,
Lying in shadows near
Where the thrush sings.

HORSESHOE POND

IN that meadow just beyond
Sugar Loaf is Horseshoe pond ;
Doubt not that fleet Pegasus
Touched the ground and left it thus.
All around its sloping edge
Waves the ironweed and sedge ;
In its limpid heel and toe
Slender reeds and rushes grow,
And upon its frog of sand
Half a score of willows stand.

Emblem of things fortunate !
Warder of a kindly fate !
Fed by hidden founts and rain,
May thy lucky shape remain !
May it be the seeming lure,
Making harvest bounties sure ;
Promising to twig and spear
Ample fruitage year by year ;

Sleekest kine to tread the mead ;
Juicy grasses where they feed ;
Heavy garner-growths to reap ;
Flocks with fleeces thick and deep.

May no ghost of Winter-want
Hill or valley darkly haunt ;
Frost untimely to destroy ;
Worm or blemish to annoy ;
Drouth nor flood nor any harm
Break the circle of thy charm !

THE CARDINAL BIRD

ALL through the summer months we heard
Around our cot a cardinal bird,
A flash of light he seemed to be,
Or flower upon some bush or tree,
Enlivening the foliage-green
Wherever he was heard or seen.
First he would sing some happy song,
As if his life had known no wrong —
A largess of bright ecstasies
Poured forth to every passing breeze ;
This done, he paused, and then in faint,
Sad notes began a tender plaint
That wilder grew, until the strain
Seemed made of passion and of pain.
As with the bird, so with us all ;
We chant some happy madrigal
And then with sudden impulse turn
And, hid among the shadows, mourn.
Bright bird ! whatever touched thy breast —

The loss of mate or broken nest —
I know not, but I know full well
That they who sound the vocal shell
Find joy and sorrow both belong
To the whole course of earthly song.

HARVEST-TIME

THE garnered sheaves hold grain and chaff,
And sometimes each is half and half,
And sometimes one is less, or more,
When poured upon the granary floor.
Although the warming sun and rain
Combine to force the growing grain,
Yet, when the reaping-days draw near,
Blight sometimes falls upon the ear,
And all our labor seems in vain.
But why despair? The meagre yield
Will serve to sow some future field,
For germs will sprout, and Nature shield
And heavy sheaves will load the wain
When harvest-time returns again.

THE SILENT FALL OF SNOW AT NIGHT

'T is morn ; the sky is bright and clear
That looks upon the waning year,
And everything before our sight
Is covered o'er with fluffy white ;
No rising wind, no rude alarm,
Told of the passage of a storm.

The pines are pluméd princes now ;
The peach wears pearls upon her brow,
And every shrub in royal line
Is drest in raiment fair and fine :
While slumber checked the course of thought,
All this the wizard Winter wrought.

EVEN IN WINTER

EVEN in winter grass starts forth
On southern banks in sheltered nooks ;
The trefoil clover breasts the North
And through the white frost looks.

Mallows are first to burst away
From frozen beds that slowly thaw,
And yellower seems the willow spray,
Though winds be rough and raw.

Even in winter tulips break
The surface soil and upward peer,
And mosses softer greenness take
As though the spring were near.

RAIN IN WINTER

'T is the cold incessant rain,
Vexed by rude and wayward winds ;
All its labor seems in vain
Since no budding thing it finds—
Blossom, waving grass or grain.

And it breaks and plashes so
On the pools and on the mire ;
It would fain be flakes of snow,
Comforting the germs that tire,
Lying long in fields below.

Rather would it find repose
On the breast of Earth, and wait,
Soft and white, till Winter goes,
Wishing Springtide to be late
Thinking of the coming rose.

Rather would it waste away
Slowly from the holt and hill,

When the South begins to play
And the crocus-tubers fill
With their first desire for day.

It would wait till spears of green,
Push through spaces towards the light,
Till the meadow-lark is seen
In her quick and level flight
Where her last year's nest hath been

Then, and only then, to go
Slowly, softly to the skies,
As the vernal winds do blow
And the sun shall say, "Arise!
Earth no longer needs the snow."

THE SNOW-BIRD

WHEN gray and old
Doth grow the year,
And rough and cold
Winds blow a-near,

Then, flying forth from some close wooded spot,
As if to southward stray thou hadst forgot,
And flutt'ring, darting, o'er the earth alow,
Thou comest, little wand'rer, with the snow.

Drest all in gray !
Not like the bird
With plumage gay,
Whose voice is heard

In sweetest song, from early morn till night :
Yet, none the less, thou givest me delight,
When to thy sprightly chirp I gladly list,
As thou dost flit amid the frozen mist.

THE WINTER WOOS THE VIRGIN SPRING

THE Winter woos the virgin Spring :

“ Come back to earth and me ;
See how the song-birds flit and sing
In budding bush and tree.
The flowering quince is full and red,
The maiden’s wreath is green,
And mallows in the garden-bed
With crinkled leaves are seen.

“ Behold my tears like April rain,
My breath like winds of May ;
My heart receives its youth again,
A pastoral pipe I play.
There ’s music now in all the brooks,
There ’s neither frost nor snow ;
And running from the sheltered nooks
On hills the grasses grow.”

The Winter woos the virgin Spring :

“ Come back to earth and me ;

Behold the song-birds flit and sing,
Behold the bud and bee."

O Spring, beware ! be coy, nor mind
The flattering words you hear,
Or in your bridal-wreath you 'll find
Some blossoms brown and sere.

SING, SING, O BIRD !

SING, sing, O bird ! in wintry rime ;
The morning of thy spring is near ;
Behold ! the buds of promise climb
From sable beds, and skyward peer.

There is no frost in youthful hearts —
No premonitions of decay ;
Along their current ever darts,
In kindly force, the living ray.

Sing, sing, O bird ! nor sing in vain ;
The breath of hope is in thy song ;
I feel with joy thy happy strain
And tender fancies upward throng.

WINTER'S LAST TRESS

WITHIN a forest dark and old,
 Hid from the light of day,
There, lay the last white snowy tress
 Of Winter, kept by May ;
But when the south began to blow,
 It vanished quite away.

Now in its stead the grasses grow
 And flowers, belated long,
Unfold within the silent glen,
 Where pleasant shadows throng,
And where the boughs together meet
 The wood-bird sings his song.

MY GARDEN CLOSE

ANY land is fairy-land,
If we choose to make it so ;
For Beauty puts her charméd hand
Wherever fruits and flowers grow.
In her touch is wondrous might,
Making one small greenery
Such a spot of sweet delight
That it seems an Arcady.

Could I bind around my brow
Sprigs of bright Sicilian green,
I would tell in numbers how
Pleasure springs from every scene.
We have plants by poets sung,
Grasses rich as any found,
Fruit as melting to the tongue
As e'er fell upon the ground.

On our east's a level lawn,
With winding paths to walk upon,

And arbors hung with heavy shade,
As quiet as a woodland glade,
Where strange eyes may never look
On Retirement with his book.
On our west, where huge oaks stood,
Lingers one, of all the wood,—
Only one of all the race,
Left to tell of time and place.

Every year his shade is cast
On the walks and dainty sward
That doth dress our pleasant yard,
And every year he drops his mast.
How he trembled day by day
When he heard the woodman's stroke !
How he looked with fresh dismay
On shattered gum and fallen oak !
And sometimes now his branches toss
And wail abroad his ancient loss.

Here we have no purling stream
Whose clear waters sing and gleam,
But a deep round well instead,
Ending in a gravelly bed.
At its top a windlass whirls,
Into it a bucket dips,

Then its rope in place recursl
As the bucket swings and drips ;
He who will may take the cup,
Lift a wave of coolness up,
And with health refresh his lips.

We may pluck from trellised vines
The virgin soul of purest wines,
And win from old Anacreon —
With Bacchus and his satyrs gone —
The spirit of his melting strains,
Bewildered not by fumes or stains.
Here Remembrance may rehearse
To suit each thing the chosen verse,
For garden-growths with beauty fraught
Suggest the pure and fitting thought.

There, a landscape lies in view,
Old at night, at morning new,
Hills around and vales between,
A rich and ever welcome scene.
Now on yonder swarded hill
The scattered flock is feeding still,
But soon together will be rolled,
Within the west, that cloth of gold,
And they content will seek their fold ;

Then may fairies come and bless
With pantomimic dance and mirth
This little plot of welt-kept earth,
Renewing all its loveliness !

VARIOUS VERSES



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

“Home, Sweet Home”

LONG in a foreign land he lay,
And while the whole world sang his song ;
But loyal hearts now bear away
His dust to where it doth belong.

Far were his wand'ring, and alone ;
But who shall say he did not yearn
For some sweet spot, and that his own,
To which he might once more return ?

Time alway brings a fitting end,
Though long neglect may intervene ;
He calls for those who shall attend
His steps upon the final scene.

The ship from o'er the distant main,
With fav'ring wind and wave, has come,
And now upon our shore again
The sacred dead shall rest at home.

His tender words, O how they sound
Above all passion, sweet and clear!
For they who love have ever found
At *home* the peace that makes life dear.

PARCHMENT'S HEIR

PAPER is Parchment's spendthrift heir,
For he takes the hoarded thought
And spends it freely here and there,
Though much may go to naught.

The day will dawn when he spends his all,
No matter what men may say,
And then in tatters his garb will fall
From earthly sight away.

But his pearl of worth Truth's hand will hold,
And a golden text she'll show,
And all must read what now is old
By Wisdom's fiery glow.

PURE WATER

DOST thou see this flowing fountain ?
Clear as crystal is its wave ;
It hath brought from out the mountain
Coolness of the rocky cave.

Taste ! It hath no artful savor ;
Peace eternal on it glows ;
This is Nature's dewy favor
Free from all consuming woes.

A NARROW BOUNDARY GLORIFIED

GOD wills that we are here to-day ;
Then here, contented, let us stay,
For be assured, if we resign
Our fate to Him, and not repine,
For us the sun will gleam and glow,
And underneath its light will show —
Though broader prospects be denied —
A narrow bound'ry glorified !

A DREAM-CHILD

WHAT a timid little thing
Is this child of ours !
She is startled at a breath,
Like the fragile flowers :
She would break on Sorrow's wing,
Chill at sight of Death.

She doth tremble at a dream
On the breast of Sleep ;
If a voice is harsh or cold,
She doth softly weep ;
And o'er quiet she doth seem
When our sport is bold.

She is fond of fairy books
And of Bible lore,
And along each path she loves
Daily to explore ;
When she reads, how still her looks !
Soft as any dove's.

Often she will press my palm,
As if sudden thought
Rushed into her quiet mind
And some message brought ;
Then I turn, and holy calm
In her face I find.

She is trustful, and would shrink
From all unbelief,
And a passing doubt would give
To her bosom grief :
Yet, less spirit-like we think
She should be, to live.

WILL SHE FORGET?

THERE in her garden day by day
We see her walking to and fro ;
The roses blossom in a row
And round her feet the grasses play.
In April air and early May
Her kirtle touched the crocus low,
And violets for her we know
Grew sweeter where she chose to stray :
Now, for the rose will she forget
The crocus and the violet ?

THE OLD HOME

To this proud mansion, old and gray,
I turn with many a fond regret.
Soft shadows fall upon my way ;
I walk alone ; my eyes are wet.
Alas ! my friends are from me fled,
I 've lost for life my former zest —
A stranger now, I bow my head,
Where I was once a welcome guest.

The maples still around it wave ;
The grassy lawn is fresh and green ;
In yonder close each rounded grave
Holds fast a form that here hath been.
I wait for sounds of life in vain, —
Familiar sounds of long ago ;
Those restless winds betoken rain
As they among the maples blow.

The bluebird chirrups near the house,
Around the porch the little wren ;

These flit the same among the boughs,
But faces cannot come again.
The fires are out, the lights are dim ;
This mold'ring mansion is at rest ;
None say, we wait and wish for him
Who once was here a welcome guest.

A soft enchanted atmosphere
Still lingers round this pleasant place,
And tender thoughts make old things near
That once possessed a tender grace.
I would that I might see again
The sunshine I have lived beyond ;
I would not chant this sad refrain —
I would I had not been so fond !

TO COME NO MORE

DAY after day, but long ago,
The light fell from her eyes,
It faded as we daily know ,
The light at ev'ning dies.

We have the murmur of a shell,
The scent of roses gone,
Something we cannot see or tell,
But the heart can rest upon.

AN INSTANT OF RETROSPECTION

So many happy hours have been
Along my slight career,
That while I'm sitting calmly in
The deep'ning twilight here
I somehow feel a quick regret,
A sudden throb of pain,
A thought that makes my lashes wet,—
That naught can come again.





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